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J.N. Hostetter

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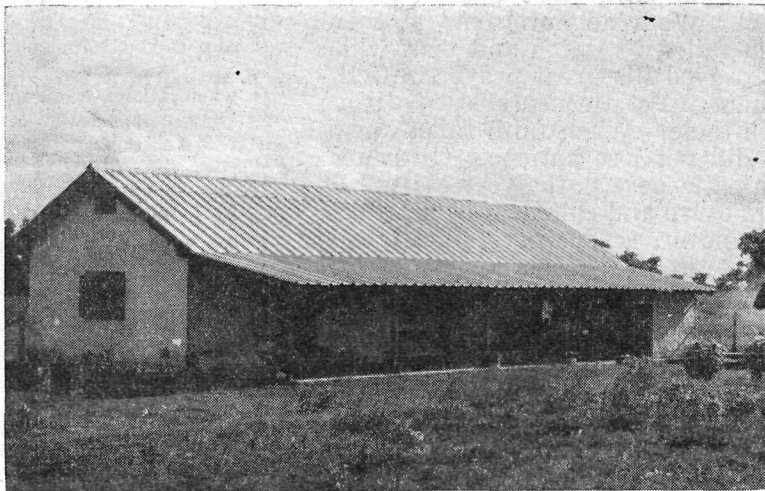
EVANGELICAL

Visitor

Volume LXIV

October 15, 1951

Number 21



The home of Allen and Leoda Buckwalter at the Banmankhi Mission in India. The building was originally intended for a workshop-godam but has been converted into living quarters.

Patiently He Endured

Mont Hurst

IN THE life of a young person there can be no greater asset than the cultivation and possession of patience. This is one of the greatest of Christian traits. We read in the Bible that the one who shall be saved is the one who endureth to the end. Practicing patience brings rich rewards. We can take a lesson from the birds, animals and insects on the subject of patience. No matter how many times you destroy the spider's web, he will start weaving another. We see the tiny ants as they patiently toil day by day, bringing food into their storehouse. And they are rewarded by having food to last through winter. It took patience to build our great Panama Canal. And the greatest example of patience and its rich rewards can be found in a study of the Book of Job.

Could you think of anything short of death that could have happened to Job in the trial of his patience? You will be richly rewarded by reading and studying the Book of Job. Chapter by chapter this great Book of the Bible vividly portrays a living picture of real patience. We learn that Job became a very determined man. He firmly made up his mind that, even though God should kill him, he was going to hold fast to his faith in God! He had come to the point where he gave up all thoughts of himself, his family, his property, his ambitions and plans. He put himself completely in God's hands, not caring what happened to his physical body or possessions. He was fully emptied of himself. And this is a position each of us must fix himself in. We must forget ourselves, cast every problem, burden, aim, ambition and ourselves on the altar. We must be emptied of ourselves. Then we shall be filled with God and God will surely direct our lives in a way that cannot help but bring greater joys and progress than we could ever have accomplished within ourselves. Patience does it every time.

God created the whole earth in six "days". But He takes a hundred years to make the century plant blossom! He causes the rain to fall in a matter of seconds. But he uses hundreds of years to bring the giant redwoods and other great trees to maturity. What may seem like a long time to us is only a matter of seconds, days or months to God. Remember

that a thousand years can be as but a day in His sight. It is our part to learn and practice patience in order that our wills and lives may conform completely to His plan. Patience is perseverance and endurance. This is the case of the mother who prayed for the salvation of her eldest son for seventeen years before he was gloriously converted and became a minister of the Gospel. What if she had lost heart and faith in the sixteenth year of her praying for that boy?

Cultivate patience and you will enjoy a tranquil mind when all about you there may be disorder, disturbance and confusion. You will be able to keep a level head and make the right decisions. Patience is the generator of peace. It is an attribute that Christ Himself possessed. No matter how His followers failed Him at times, He never lost patience with them. We read how some of them even failed to watch and wait while He prayed His great prayer in Gethsemane. Yet He never lost patience with them. When faith failed them, He did not lose patience with them. His patience was the very essence of composure and calmness at all times. You never read where Christ ever became excited. He patiently endured all things; even the cruel insults and hurts of the awful Crucifixion! It pays to read the Book of Job over and over. It will serve to build patience and patience will help build a stronger faith and realization of the joys and blessings and privileges of being a Christian. Periodical reading of the trials of Job will pay regular dividends. Read the Book of Job through without stopping. Then, later, begin a slow and careful reading and study of this great illustration of genuine patience. You cannot love a person without utilizing patience. This means that you can love them in spite of their unfaithfulness to you. That was what Christ did. And if we are to be Christ-like, then we must possess a patience that endures all things for His Glory and our own spiritual strength.

We know that many years of patient study and application are necessary to complete one's education through college. You simply cannot go through school and college with a hop, skip and jump. You must be patient, study and think with calmness. There is an ancient Chinese

proverb which says; "With patience mulberry leaves turn to silk." This means that the little silkworm must wait until, the leaves mature, then feast on them and, in turn, spin out the fine silk which we use in many ways. God's patience in causing the mulberry trees to grow to maturity, and the patient way in which the silkworm is born and spins out the silk, are good examples of the results born of patience.

A regular study of the Book of Job will always pay rich dividends. It will cause us to be ashamed at our lack of patience. It will generate a desire to learn how to be patient by listening to the voice of God as we pray. We must exercise patience in order to allow Him to work in our lives. And when He works, "who can turn it back?" We must tarry (be patient) in order to receive power as did the Apostles.

Dallas, Texas.

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Editorial

HOW TO RESIST TEMPTATION

Rev. E. E. Shelhamer

"EVERY man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lust and enticed." There are at least four steps in connection with temptation—Attention, Consideration, Gratification, Humiliation.

1. Attention. Here is where the tempter succeeded with Mother Eve. He called her attention to the beautiful and luscious fruit. Having gained this first point he quickly caught on her natural weakness—loquacity. Had she only kept a closed mind and a closed mouth all would have been well. It is the same with every holy soul today. Such an one cannot be tempted except along natural and legitimate lines. "When the woman saw that the tree was for food and that it was pleasant to the eyes and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took." It is that first look that makes it possible to think, and then forget all former resolutions. Job realized this when he said, "I made a covenant with mine eyes; why then should I think?"

Notice Achan's sin! He "saw" the goodly Babylonish garment and shekels of silver, then "coveted," then "took," then "hid," then died in disgrace. No one can fall until he first looks or listens, then longs, then lunges. It is simply impossible to be overcome on any line so long as the mind is closed to the thought of yielding and the question is undebatable. Remember this, you are invincible so long as you do not let down the first bar and throw open the subject to debate. But if you dare to do this for a moment the floods will pour in and sweep you off your feet.

2. Consideration. This is the second step. If Satan can get one to ponder then wonder, the battle is likely to be lost. One man said, "If I were tempted along a certain line I do not know what I would do?" This man was defeated already. How unlike Joseph, who no doubt had it settled in his mind beforehand that come what would he could not sin. He was fortified and as unmoveable as Gibraltar, when temptation came. "How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?"

3. Gratification. It is not strange one can go stone blind in a moment in view of present profit or pleasure, rather than wait for joys and comforts more enduring? David 'saw,' then "inquired" (considered), then

like a mad animal broke down the fence and ruthlessly trampled underfoot all sense of honor and righteousness. After he had gotten through with his seeing and sending, then God began sending strife, sedition and sorrow which never ended. Reader beware!

4. Humiliation. If one could only stop long enough to look around and behold the many shipwrecks, he might take warning. Some of these were once mighty in sailing the high seas and doing commerce for God. But they trifled, ventured too near the rocks and are now out of commission—stranded on the shores of time. Others are dismantled and though pretending to be in service, are like floating derelicts without mast or rudder—more dangerous than old hulks, high and dry on the beach.

Precious reader, remember there are souls now in hell and others on their way there, who at one time roamed on plains of spiritual light grander than you or I ever experienced. To your knees! To your knees!!

—Selected.



A House on a Hill

*Let me have a house on a hill
With a view toward the setting
sun,
Where I can look o'er the wide green
fields
At twilight when the day is done.
With a twinkling stream at the foot
of the hill
Where my children at ease may
play,
And dream the gay things that a
child dreams
Thru' a peaceful, unhurried day.
Away from the din and city strife,
And next-door to the heavens
above,
Let me live where I may look at life,
And live closer to those I love.*

Max Harvey.

Rally Day Means Opportunity

Rev. Paul F. Elliott

HERE are some things that a Rally Day should accomplish:

1. It puts the work and interest of the church before the community. This is especially true for any new community.

2. Rally Day makes new contacts for the pastor and ought to lead new members to the church.

3. It gives an opportunity for young people to use their talents in a special Rally Day program.

4. It affords an opportunity to offset any losses due to the summer slump.

5. Rally Day says to the community that the church is active, alert, and wide-awake. The purpose of Rally Day is to bring your Sunday school into high gear. *Finding people is essential to winning them.*

What a revival means to a church, a Sunday school rally can be to a Sunday school.

There are four steps which are necessary in order to have a successful Sunday school rally.

1. Intercessory prayer. If the Sunday school is to advance it must begin on its knees.

2. Organize your forces. Jesus said, "I have chosen you that ye should go and bring forth fruit." There are many methods which may be used to reach the unsaved, but none has been so effective as lay visitation. This was the method used by the early church and today it will bring lasting results when it is Spirit-directed and Spirit-filled.

3. Have a profitable Rally Day service. This service should be well planned weeks ahead of the Rally Day. I should be saturated with the spirit of worship. The most effective Rally Day service is one that is God honored and Spirit anointed.

4. The follow-up. The follow-up is more important than the build-up. Names and addresses of all visitors should be secured and they should be systematically contacted again and again. It takes time, patience and perseverance to make prospects into regulars. It is a serious thing to contact new people and then not be faithful to their souls. By following up these new contacts with fervent and effectual prayer and frequent visitation in the home many of them can be won to the Lord Jesus. Make your Rally Day pay big dividends in soul-winning.

—Pilgrim Holiness Advocate.

IN A town in Europe there existed this custom. When anyone passed a certain blank wall of the cathedral they would bow in prayer. No one knew exactly why, except that their fathers and grand fathers had done it for centuries. Then one day the painters began to prepare the wall for refinishing. After clearing away layers of paint they discovered the reason for this unusual tradition. There under layers of paint they beheld a beautiful picture of Mary the Mother of Jesus. Now they could see the cause for a force which had ruled their people for many years. Do you recognize this tremendous force which custom holds? We must admit there are binding fetters which we must reckon with over and over again. And when properly used this can be a marvelous power for good. But how shall we harness this power for the greatest usefulness?

First, if the past is to be of any value, we must *understand* it. Today you and I recognize the blessing in observing the ordinance of feet washing. Yet many say, "Why such a practice?" And some even scoff at it as vulgar and low caste with little value for us today. And they are right. It has no value today, unless it is understood in its native setting. In the time of our Lord washing feet was vital, since sandals were the footwear fashion. Dirty and bruised feet were thoroughly refreshed as a servant waited on them. Yes, this was the task of the servant. And by applying its lesson, Jesus politely set the standard of rank among Christians. "Who shall be greatest?" The person who is willing to serve, he is the greatest. Ah, but today do we recognize this practice as my pledge to you to do even the lowliest task, the smallest service which will be for your joy and comfort? And do we put this pledge into action?

And do we try to understand the setting of Deut. 22:5? Does it say, "Women shall not wear clothing styled similar to that of men?" or "that which belongs to and is worn by men?" If the former is true, then this Scripture is in direct contradiction with the established custom of that day. For in Eastern countries, in the past, and even to the present day, both men and women wear flowing robes somewhat similar in style.

Perhaps another of these customs which needs greater understanding today is the devotional veiling. And as we look at the picture of a Greek woman (to whom Paul was writing his Corinthian letter), I am conscious that our form of covering in no way resembles her veiling (except perhaps as it seeks to teach that same



Our Obligation To The Past

Elbert N. Smith

principle). But what is this principle which Paul is upholding? Was it important only to the Corinthians, or is it abiding? And is the symbol equally binding? These things we certainly can not know unless we seat ourselves in the presence of Paul as he writes those words. Do you not see how careful we must be to study and understand not only the text, but the setting as well, and the circumstances, and the spirit of the writer? We must ask God's Spirit to reveal the true meaning of his word. Ordinance, custom, or teaching, each must be understood if it is to bear fruit.

The Pharisee is a classic example of the man who closes his eyes to the meaning and spirit of custom. See him pray with artificial exactness. See him give with deceiving generosity. See him live in empty purity, free from the care of normal life. But notice too how he cares not for the penniless widow. No, he is within his lawful rights to rob her of her home. He can lawfully put away his wife, and mistreat his servants. He lives exactly according to traditions, but . . . ! Is it not evident that the individual, church or country that ignores an understanding of the past is doomed to live in a ridiculous and meaningless present. We need to understand more than the tradition, we must be guided by its spirit.

But mere understanding of the past is not enough, we must

take its strength and build upon it. See the new church buildings rising throughout our land. How they are growing? One stone is bound to another, each building upon previous stones. Not scatter-brained, not disjointed, but following orderly principles. If this is true in the physical realm it is even more necessary in the spiritual and religious life. May I suggest several of these strong principles which have played a major role in our church, and which should continue to be a force.

The men who founded our church—Jacob Engle, Hans Engle, Christian Rupp, etc.—they were not ignorant, untrained men. They were masters in their day, outstanding in wisdom. These men brought our church into being in the atmosphere of prayer and earnest Bible study. They thrilled to meet each evening and diligently search God's Word. This has had a marked influence even to the present. Our ministers, our people have loved God's Word, memorized and taught it faithfully. And we today, if we are to build on their foundation, must become masters using every available means to know and understand God's Word better.

Another of these vital principles is a simplicity of faith. We actually believe in the miraculous power of prayer. We rest our salvation on Faith in Jesus Christ. Through trust

in God we expect victory over sin and the power of Satan. This simple faith gives God the honor and glory for all the blessings of life. This is the secret between the cold, intellectual knowledge of God, and the glorious reality of His living presence in our hearts and lives. When I pointed this out recently to a hitch-hiker (a pre-theological student, mind you) his mouth dropped open. "You mean the Bible really says that?" he asked. "Well, I've never heard that before. I always thought God would be satisfied if you did what was right." And his position isn't entirely unique. Many churches have sold out to a gospel of good works despite the Apostle Paul's blunt explanation, "not of works, lest any man should boast". Simplicity of faith is not only the backbone of Christianity; it is the secret behind the Power of the Gospel. It is Christianity itself. And as such, it is the only hope for our world today. We as a church will do well to build upon this "faith of our fathers".

A third principle is our Friendly attitude. It has caused many to follow after and join with us. Our services are characteristic of a family reunion. The spirit of helpfulness and concern one for another has added a warmth to the entire program of the church. Even our most important business session, the General Conference, is pre-ved and over-flowed with friendliness and good will, perhaps to extremes at times. But this is a vital factor in church growth, and more so, since Jesus designated to it the position of second among all commandments.

Other qualities perhaps should be stressed, and you may do well to list them. These are merely used to point out that the church which is going to be a dynamic force today must build upon the strength of yesterday.

Yet, as important as the past is to us, there rises above it a note of warning. You and I may over-exalt the past unless we are careful. Its true value is proportioned to its usefulness to the present and the future. Let me contrast it thus. The victim of amnesia has thrown off the past, its habits, and its lessons. He wanders aimlessly, a pathetic sight. He must be helped to his home, helped with routine habits. He has lost his mooring. He has lost the past completely. On the other hand there is the inmate of the asylum. He can not stand change. He lives in the days of his childhood. He must perform each routine duty just as he did yesterday. Remove one familiar object and he become distraught and violent. Unable to adjust to a changing world, he is helplessly bound by the past. Then, somewhere in between the two extremes, you and I seek to guide our steps. If we rebel against the traditions of the past and throw them off promiscuously, we are fools. But if we cling to these customs, worship and idolize them, just because they are a part of the past, then we are little better. Where shall we find a pattern?

Dare I suggest that the example of Jesus ought to be our guide? Notice how he scored the Pharisees for their strict adherence to the past. See him as he dares to break with worn-out

customs regarding the Sabbath, or unsanitary traditions connected with cleansing. See him revitalize worship traditions, racial traditions, and all the values of life. Said he, "Man was not made for the sabbath, (laws and traditions are not of supreme importance that man shall be hog-tied by them.)" No! These are made to assist man. When they fail in their service they shall be done away. "I am not come to destroy these laws, but to fulfill them, (to pour meaning into them)" I am come to show the true spirit and meaning of life and the deeds that fill it.

Methinks I see our church founders stepping from the past into your congregation and mine. Raising hands in horror, they cry, "Are you bound to the past, and ignoring the real need of today? You are destroying the very basis of the church. We dared to brake with the past, away from all other groups, to found a church which would put Christ first, which would meet our need and the need of our day". And they would ask us the question, "Why don't you meet the need of this your day, even as Jesus did in His day? Why don't you teach and live after the example of Paul when he said "I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some."

What is our chief responsibility today? It is to proclaim a free Gospel, which all men can accept, and which will save "whosoever believeth." And our obligation to the past! With evangelism as our goal, we can make the lessons of the past serve the present day, and thereby build a better tomorrow.

Live the Life!

VANCE HAVNER, in *The Watchman Examiner*: "Godly living is in itself a rebuke to this age, and the world resents the light that exposes its corruption. It hates us because it hated our Saviour. It despises the man who stands for God and righteousness, and advises him to be more tolerant, because tolerance on his part makes them more comfortable in their sins.

"A new attitude toward separation has sprung up, and a new technique in dealing with questionable things has come into vogue. A gospel is preached in many quarters that is without offense, and therefore without effect. Even in conservative circles, a pleasant approach to the matter of worldliness tries to produce a new style of Christian who can be both the Lord's sheep and the devil's goat." —*The Alliance Weekly*.



An Indian's Discovery

An old Indian chief was told of the Saviour, but he said, "The Jesus road is good, but I've followed the old Indian road all my life, and I will follow it to the end." A year later he was on the border of death; as he sought a pathway through the darkness, he said to the missionary, "Can I turn to Jesus now? My road stops here. It has no path through the valley." —*Selected*.

The Seven Mistakes of Man

"There are seven mistakes of life which many of us make," said a famous writer, and then he gave the following list:

1. The delusion that individual advancement is made by crushing others down.
2. The tendency to worry about things which cannot be changed or corrected.
3. Insisting that a thing is impossible because we ourselves cannot accomplish it.
4. Refusing to set aside trivial preferences in order that important things may be accomplished.
5. Neglecting development and refinement of the mind, and not acquiring the habit of reading and study.
6. Attempting to compel other persons to believe and live as we do.
7. The failure to establish the habit of saving money.

—*Biblical Recorder*.

Hope Anchorage

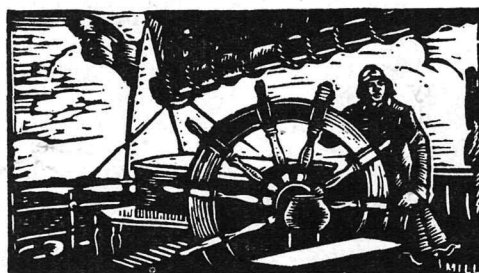
Edwin Raymond Anderson

WE ARE hearing a good deal these days, in many fundamental quarters, about the coming of the Lord. There are the prophetic adepts with their charts and their timetables who are able by skill and by training to lead along the devious ways of the theological technicalities and to hang every point upon "the original Greek". But most of us are not scholars and would rather be known as simple sitters at the feet of Jesus, hearing "in good old English" about the Lord Who is coming. For it may well be that many of these prophetic adepts become alarmingly unprophecetically apathetic when it comes to relating the head truth of the coming of the Lord to the heart truth concerning the Lord Who is coming. There is a difference, and we would rather sit with the simple whose theology has flamed into doxology and cried, "Amen, even so come, Lord Jesus", rather than become lost in the woods of mere verbiage where there is little or no holy kindling for the heart.

No, we are not "calling down fire" upon the scholars, and we could stand a great many more fundamental scholars in this day of pseudo-scholarship. But the fact yet remains that the scholarship which rings the bell of account in the Courts of Heaven is that scholarship which has blossomed the heart into the full bloom of sanctification, and where knowledge on head file has become fueled into knowledge for heart fire. There is a good deal of hearing concerning the coming of the Lord, and perhaps the Atom Bomb has a finger in the matter. But the tragedy is, that that is simply not enough. It is not enough to have the timetable and to know the facts. We need to fall in love all over again with "the Person on the train" and to have the facts thoroughly baptized with wonder and praise and love and worship and adoration and thousand-fold hallelujahs. Hearing about the coming of the Lord must spiritually develop into heeding the Lord Who is coming. For after all, it is the Lord Who is Coming; that Blest Man of Calvary Who has lifted us from the miry clay and Who soon, in some near, coming day, is to lift us clear from this sphere of clay altogether. He is the Center, the Core and the Crux, and we belong there with Him.

"Every man that hath this hope in

Him purifieth himself even as He is pure" (I John 3:3); so wrote John in the early day. And I suspect that he faced the same trouble in his day of having to face fact-ridden fundamentalists, who, having all of the facts never had the acts of praise unto the Person of the facts. There were those who had the hope—in themselves, as far as correctness of doctrine went. They were not in error concerning the truth; but they were in the grip of the greater error of not being wholly and utterly concerned and taken up with Him Who is "The Truth" (John 14:6). They would make good prophetic teachers for others perhaps; and yet to the eye of the grieved Lord and the wounded



Be's Worth Having

Be patient; be prayerful; be humble; be mild;
Be wise as a Solomon, be meek as a child.
Be studious; be thoughtful; be loving; be kind;
Be sure you make matters servant to mind.
Be cautious; be prudent; be friendly with few;
Be temperate in argument, pleasure and view,
Be cheerful; be grateful; be hopeful; be firm;
Be peaceful, benevolent, willing to learn.
Be courageous, be gentle, be liberal, be just;
Be penitent, circumspect, sound in the faith,
Be aspiring, be humble, because thou art dust.
Be active, devoted, be faithful to death.
Be honest, be holy, transparent, and true;
Be dependent, be Christ-like and you will be secure.

Spirit, they ought to begin all over again and learn the spiritual simplicities of honoring the Person above the picture.

But John was considering the finer class. They might be forced to take a back seat at prophetic lectures and conferences as far as the "dotting of the i's and the crossing of the t's" was concerned, and they might be left far behind when it came to theological technicalities. But even for such gathering and sessions, the Lord has a "little side room" away from the hurry of the program and the planning, where the simple may gather together and praise the Lord of all prophecy with all of the adoring praise and worship of their single-minded hearts. Did not John speak of these in this very verse? . . . "Every man that hath this hope in Him purifieth himself even as He is pure". While others may boast of their progress and their perception, these are rejoicing in the purifying which is being accomplished within their hearts and lives as they are centered upon the good, grand theme, "Jesus only".

I deeply feel that we need to get back to such a sweet and satisfying simplicity in this day. There is the subtle temptation in the light of the Atom Bomb and allied horrors of running prophetic truth through the mill of the garish and the sensational. There are those who appear to have a driving delight in centering about the Four Horseman of the Apocalypse. Others have room for nothing else save Daniel's great image. They are intrigued by the incidentals, with the tragic result that they have so centered upon these side-matters that the living and coming Lord has been slowly, seriously reduced to the place of the incidental! I really wonder whether the Lord of prophecy would really feel at home, or be wholly welcomed at some of these "great" and "thrilling" conclaves.

But again I say, the main matter is not the coming of the Lord, but far rather, the Lord Who is coming. I might almost say that, between these two there is "a great gulf fixed". The one may be theory but the other surely is thrilling transformation. I would rather choose the latter and know the blessed reality of a purifying continually operative within the depths of my heart, blessedly readying me for rapture. For surely, when the Lord comes I want to be ready as well as right. There are all too many, who may be doctrinally right, but alas! who are not practically ready, and who truthfully, cannot speak of this as a *hope* . . .

IN NORTH-EASTERN India, a few miles south of the foothills of the majestic Himalaya mountain range, lies the sub-divisional town of Madhipura. To the north the towering peaks lift their snow-capped heads as if in eternal blessing. Green and fertile is the delta-like plain dotted with mango groves and grain fields, for this is the granary of India. In the midst of this, in an outcast village on the edge of Madhipura, lived Bhuma.

Bhuma's name may mean "dirt". If the manner of his treatment is any guide, then that is surely what it means, for not having father, mother, or sympathetic friends, his was a miserable existence. He had a sister old enough to be his mother, but to her and her husband, Bhuma was an economic liability. Because of this fact, he was placed with a wealthy cowherder to be a herd boy. For the long hours of work, he was to receive his food and shelter. His shelter was to be in his master's cowshed.

From early morning until late evening, he watched the cows and buffaloes. The master's children also helped, for the herds were large. When the food was brought to the field for the children (for they always went very early in the morning before any food was prepared), Bhuma never received an equal share with the others. He was a servant and an outcaste. His people were leather workers and tanners, and he had to sit at a distance to receive the bits of food thrown to him in a worse manner than one would throw food to a dog. Sometimes the children played as children will and the cattle strayed into the grain fields. Then it was considered Bhuma's fault, and he was beaten, tormented, and despised.

This kind of treatment was more than Bhuma could endure. He was only about eight or nine years old but not so large as many five or six year old European children. He could have endured the beating and the slavery with all its unkindness if his undernourished body would have been satisfied with food. He just did not get enough to eat, and what he did get was not too good for one who was racked with the ague of malaria fever. And who cared if he was sick! Was he not supposed to herd the cattle? And if he didn't, he did not have to be fed. If his head swam and his body ached, who was there to see that he was warm and comfortable? He was ordered to take the cattle to the grazing ground. To protest was in vain. He was just feigning sickness and he didn't have fever; it was only a hot day; at least so his master thought.

Finally Bhuma made up his mind.



Bhuma

Charles E. Engle

He would not stay, but how to get away was a problem. In seeming obedience he went with the other children to take the cattle to the fields. While the other children were playing under the shade of a bush, he slipped away, believing the displeasure of his sister and brother-in-law a lesser evil than the condition in which he found himself. Arriving at their home near meal time, sick, hungry, and feverish, he said,

"Sister, please give me some food."

"Bhuma, where have you come from?"

"Metahie."

"Why didn't you stay at the place we arranged for you?"

"Because I am sick and they make me work when I am sick, and they didn't give me anything to eat."

"Nothing at all?"

"Well, my stomach never got full."

"You are a little glutton."

"I am not; I only want enough to eat. I don't want to be hungry all the time. Please, sister, give me some food."

The sister's heart softened and she did show mercy. She gave him some rice and pea gravy, which he ate ravenously. Then hid him because she knew her husband would be displeased.

Not long after, the husband returned from the field. After tying up his oxen and taking his bath, he called for his food. The wife, Bhuma's sister, brought it to him, and as he looked at the plate, he thought that the helping was smaller than usual, and

so he inquired gruffly,

"How is this that I have only a little food? Have you been eating?"

"You know I follow the customs of our people. How could I so much as think of eating before my lord was satisfied? The baby was very hungry and you were late in coming so I fed him and put him to sleep."

She trembled to think what would happen if her husband knew about her brother's return, for it was mostly because of her husband that he could not stay. To be able to hide him for long was impossible. When the boy should awaken from his feverish sleep, he would be hungry again and he would want food.

Later, after the husband had gone to chat with some friends in a nearby house, she awakened Bhuma and told him to hide and not to appear until the night meal.

Bhuma, fearful that there would be no food for him that night, promptly departed to the town close by where the Law Courts were located and began to beg from the shop-keepers, the sweetmeat vendors, and fruit sellers, and from anybody who would give. He had fair success but his gnawing hunger drove him on.

The next day, Bhuma met Jitu, a Christian, who himself had been a poor boy without parents and who knew what hunger was. Jitu had a good occupation. He was the missionaries' house boy, and he thought he could easily feed this poor lad and have him as a servant to help care for

(Continued on page eleven)

CHURCH DIRECTORY

AS SLATED BY THE GENERAL CONFERENCE

Permanent Church Headquarters
Messiah Rescue and Benevolent Home
2001 Paxton St., Harrisburg, Pa. Tel. 3-9881
Attention of General Conference Secretary

Institutions

E. V. Publishing House, Nappanee, Indiana.
Eld. Erwin W. Thomas, Manager.

Jabbok Bible School, Thomas, Oklahoma.
Ira M. Eyster, President.

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Messiah Home, 2001 Paxton Street, Harrisburg, Pa., Eld. and Sr. Irvin O. Musser, Steward and Matron. Telephone 2-7836.

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The merchandising department of Brethren in Christ Publication Board, Inc.
Nappanee, Ind., Chambersburg, Pa.
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Madhipura Mission: Madhipura, O. and T. Ry., Bhagalpur District, India. Sr. Anna Steckley, Elder and Sr. Arthur Pye, Elder Joe and Marietta Smith.

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Sr. Martha Kauffman, 411, 13th St. Abilene, Kansas.

Sr. Mary C. Kreider, Campbelltown, Penna.

Sr. Ethelda Eyer, Third Avenue, Upland, Cal.

Sr. Emma Rosenberger, 300 Railroad Ave. Souderton, Penna.

Bishop and Sr. H. H. Brubaker, Grantham, Pa.

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Bloomfield, New Mexico (Brethren in Christ Navajo Mission) c/o Blanco Trading Post. Isaac and Nina Schmucker, Rosa Eyster, Dorothy Charles, Clara Meyer.

Hollidaysburg, Pa. (Canoe Creek Mission), R. D. 2 Box 259A; Hollidaysburg, Telephone—51319; Paul and Esther George.

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Knifley, Ky. Eli and Ruth Christener, Katie Rosenberger, Ruby Clapper.

Meath Park Station (North Star Mission) Saskatchewan, Canada. Arthur and Verna Heise.

Saxton, Pa. Marion Walker, Pastor, Viola Miller, Florence Faus.

Tillsonburg (Houghton Mission), Ontario, Canada. Telephone—Glenmeyer 22-14; Myrtle Steckley, Ruth Steckley, Ruth Keller.

Frogmore: Alonza Vanatter, Pastor.

Houghton Center: Basil Long, Pastor, Langton, Ontario, Canada.

City Missions

Buffalo Mission: 25 Hawley St., Buffalo 13, N. Y.; Telephone GRant 7706; Harry and Katie Buckwalter, Evelyn Frysinger.

Chicago Mission: 6039 Halsted Street, Chicago 21, Illinois; Telephone—Wentworth 6-7122; Carl J. Carlson, pastor, Avas Carlson, Alice Albright, Sara Brubaker, Grace Sider.

Detroit (God's Love Mission) 1524 Third Ave., Detroit 26, Michigan; Residence—3986 Humboldt, Detroit 8, Michigan; Telephone—Tyler 5-1470; Harry Hock, pastor; Catherine Hock, Ruth Deihl, Eva Mae Melhorn.

Harrisburg (Messiah Lighthouse Mission) 1175 Bailey St. Harrisburg, Pa.; Telephone—Harrisburg 26488; Joel Carlson, pastor; Faith Carlson, Elizabeth Kanode, Beulah Lyons, Grace Robb.

Massillon (Christian Fellowship Mission) 118 South Avenue S. E. Massillon, Ohio; Telephone—2-3804; Eli Hostetter, pastor, Lydia Hostetter, Minnie Bicher.

Philadelphia Mission: 3423 North Second Street, Philadelphia 40, Pa.; Telephone—NE 4-6431; William Rosenberry, pastor, Anna Rosenberry, Anita Brechbill, Erma Hoke.

San Francisco (Life Line Gospel Mission) 224 Sixth Street, San Francisco 3, Calif.; Residence—311 Scott St. San Francisco 17, Calif.; Harold Paulus, pastor, 313 Scott St.; Janna Goins, Edith Davidson, Edith Yoder. Telephone UNDERhill 1-4820.

Stowe Mission: 527 Glasgow Street, Stowe, Pa. Telephone-Pottstown 1211J; Cletus and Catherine Naylor.

Welland Mission: 36 Elizabeth Street, Welland, Ontario, Canada; Telephone—3192; Earl Bossert, pastor; 268 Potomac St., Buffalo, N. Y.; V. Pauline Hess, Anna Henry.

Mission Pastorates

A complete listing of the Mission Pastorates appears quarterly in the *Evangelical Visitor* with the *Missionary Supplement*.

RADIO BROADCASTS

CHVC, Niagara Falls, Ontario "Call to Worship Hour" Each Sunday 9:00-9:30 A.M.	1600 Kcs.
CKPC, Brantford, Ontario "Brethren in Christ Hour" Each Sunday 2:00-2:30 P. M.	1380 Kcs.
WMPC, Lapeer, Michigan First Thursday of every month 12:00-1:00 P.M. Every Tuesday—transcription 3:00-3:30 P. M.	1230 Kcs.
KOCS, Ontario, Calif. "Morning Melodies" Each Sunday 10:00-10:15 A.M.	1510 Kcs.
WCHA, Chambersburg, Pa. "The Gospel Tide Hour" Each Sunday 7:30-8:00 A.M.	800 Kcs.
WCHA, Chambersburg, Pa. "Gospel Words and Music" Each Saturday 12:35-1:00 P.M.	800 Kcs.
WNAR, Norristown, Pa. "Gospel Words and Music" Each Sunday 2:30-3:00 P.M.	1110 Kcs.
WLBR, Lebanon, Pa. "Gospel Words and Music" Each Saturday 12:35-1:00 P.M.	1270 Kcs.
WKJG, Fort Wayne, Indiana "Gospel Words and Music" Each Sunday 8:00-8:30 A.M.	1380 Kcs.
WAND, Canton, Ohio "Christian Fellowship Mission" Each Sunday 12:30-1:00 P.M.	900 Kcs.
WPFB, Middletown, Ohio "Gospel Lighthouse Hour" Each Sunday 8:00-8:30 A.M.	910 Kcs.
WBUX, Quakertown, Pa. "Sunday Bible Hour" Each Sunday 12:30-1:00 P.M.	1570 Kcs.
WLXW, Carlisle, Pa. "The Verse for the Day" Each Sunday 8:05-8:20 A.M.	1380 Kcs.
WLBR, Lebanon, Pa. "The Living Hope Program" Each Saturday 2:00-2:30 P.M.	1270 Kcs.
WVAM, Altoona, Pa. "Youth Crusaders Hour" Each Sunday 8:30-9:00 A. M.	1430Kcs.
KFGQ, Boone, Iowa "Gospel Hour Broadcast" Sun., 9:00-9:30 A.M. & Thurs. 4:15-4:45 P.M.	1260 Kcs.

Missionary Conference

The Eighth Annual Lancaster County Missionary Conference will be held at the Conoy Church, Donegal District, from October 27 through 31.

Weddings

SIDER-MYERS—On Thursday evening September 20, Sr. Dorothy Ruth Myers, daughter of Bishop and Sr. J. Lester Myers of Greencastle, Pa. and Rev. Roy Victor Sider, son of Bro. and Sr. Norman Sider of Sherkstown, Ontario, Canada, were united in holy Matrimony at the Montgomery Brethren in Christ Church near Upton, Pa. by the bride's father assisted by Rev. Eber Dourte.

Rev. and Mrs. Sider will reside at Crystal Beach, Ontario, where he is the pastor of the Sherkstown Church. May God bless them as they labor together for him.

WINGER-HEISE—The Heise Hill Church of Gormley, Ontario was the scene of a lovely wedding on August 21 when Lois Pauline Heise daughter of Bro. Orla Heise of Gormley Ontario, and Walter Orval Winger, son of Elder and Sister Marshall Winger of St. Anns, Ontario, were united in Holy Wedlock. The father of the groom was the officiating minister.

The many relatives and friends of this young couple wish them God's choicest blessings as they walk life's pathway together.



Watching for Faults

"When I was a boy," said an old man, "I was often very idle, and used to play during the lessons with other boys as idle as myself. One day we were fairly caught by the master. 'Boys,' he said 'you must not be idle; you must attend closely to your books. The first one of you who sees another boy idle will please come and tell me.'"

"'Ah,' I thought to myself, 'there is Joe Simmons, that I don't like; I'll watch him, and if I see him look off his book I'll tell the teacher.'"

"It was not long until I saw Joe look off his book, and I went up at once to tell the teacher."

"'Indeed,' said he, 'how did you know he was idle?' 'I saw him,' said I."

"'You did? And where your eyes on your book when you saw him?'"

"I was caught, and the other boys laughed, and I never watched for idle boys again."

"If we watch our conduct, and try to keep it right, and always do our duty, we will not have time to watch for faults or idleness in others. This will keep us out of mischief, and make us helpful to others."

—God's Revivalist.

number of nephew and neices and a host of friends.

Funeral services were held at the Messiah Home on Thursday evening Sept. 20, 1951 with Rev. Irvin O. Musser and Rev. Daniel Burkholder in charge. On Friday Sept. 21 a further service was held in the U. B. Church at Salem, Pa. with burial in the Salem Cemetery.

VANDERBURG—Marian A. Vanderburg, only daughter of Wray and Cora Shoalts Vanderburg was born in Gainsboro Township Sept. 21, 1927 and entered into rest Friday night Sept. 14, 1951, at the Welland General Hospital in her 24th year. This was the second time recently she was confined to the hospital. She had been afflicted since her early childhood and was a patient sufferer during the years. Her personal testimony was that she was resting and trusting in the Lord and ready to go to a better home.

Her early departure is mourned by her father and mother, one grandfather, Bishop L. Shoalts, a number of relatives and many friends.

Funeral services were held from the home 89 Acqueduct St., Welland, Ontario, on Monday September 17 with Bishop Edward Gilmore in charge assisted by Rev. Earl C. Bossert with further services at the Wainfleet Brethren in Christ Church conducted by Bishop Edward Gilmore assisted by Rev. Romie Sider.

Interment in Zion Cemetery.

Love Feasts

Michigan

Gladwin Oct. 20-21
Merrill Oct. 27-28
Carland District Meeting and
Love Feast Nov. 2-3-4

Penna.

Souderton, Pa. Oct. 27 - 28
Beginning at 2 P. M. Saturday.
Gratersford Oct. 20-21
Beginning at 2 p.m.

Ohio

Pleasant Hill Oct. 20 and 21
Beulah Chapel, Oct. 27 and 28
Chestnut Grove, Nov. 3 and 4
Valley Chapel Nov. 10 and 11
Sippo Valley, Thanksgiving Meeting,
Thanksgiving Day

Kentucky

Grassy Springs, Sat. evening, Nov. 10

Indiana

Garrett, Indiana Oct. 20-21

Evangelistic Slate

Gratersford Oct. 7-21
Altoona, Pa. Oct. 21 - Nov. 11
Eld. Elam O. Dohner, Evangelist
Fairland, Cleona, Pa. Nov. 4, 1951
Bishop Lester Myers, Evangelist
Messiah Home, Pa. Nov. 11-25
Elder John A. Byers, Evangelist
Detroit, Michigan Oct. 7 - 21
Elder Marshall Winger, Evangelist
Lions Head, Ontario October 23
Elder Marshall Winger, Evangelist
Pequea, Pa. Beginning Nov. 4, 1951
Evangelist, Paul McBeth

Man on His Knees

In the early days of the republic a stranger once asked at Congress how he could distinguish Washington.

He was told, "You can easily distinguish him when Congress goes to prayer. Washington is the gentleman who kneels."

—Herald of His Coming.

This Is Our Mission

The mission of the church is to save the souls of men. This is its true mission and its only mission. This should be its only thought. The moment any church admits a singer who does not work to save souls; the moment any church calls a Pastor who does not work to save souls; the moment a church elects a deacon who does not work to save souls; the moment a church gives a supper or an entertainment of any kind not for the purpose of saving souls, it ceases inasmuch to be a church and to fulfill the magnificent mission God gave it . . . We are here to save souls of dying sinners. We are here for no other purpose. And the mission of the Church being so clear, that is the only test of a real church."

—Dr. Russel H. Conwell.

Births

FREY—Brother and Sister Emerson Frey of Conestoga, R. 2, announce the birth of a son, Wilson Fisher, on September 7, 1951.

EPPLY—T/Sgt. and Mrs. Charles L. Eppl of Ovid, New York, are happy to announce the birth of a son, Paul Eugene, on August 20, 1951. Mrs. Eppl is the former Anna Engle of Mechanicsburg, Pa.

MYERS—Eunice Fay came to bless the home of Bro. and Sr. Charles A. Myers of Greencastle, Pa. R. 2 on Aug. 16, 1951.

MYERS—Melvin Ray came to bless the home of Bro. and Sr. Melvin Myers of Greencastle, Pa. R. 2 on Aug. 4, 1951.

Obituaries

ENGLE—David S. Engle, son of John M. and Martha S. Engle, was born August 8, 1861, at Mount Joy, Pa., and passed away September 15, 1951, at the age of 90 years.

Brother Engle spent his earlier years in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. In 1884 he was united in marriage with Anna H. Engle of Marietta, Pa. To this union were born five sons and five daughters.

In early manhood he united with the Brethren in Christ Church of which he was an active and devoted member.

In the spring of 1885, he was among the early settlers who came to Dickinson County, Kansas, to establish homes. He settled in the Newbern community where he spent the greater part of his life.

Brother Engle was preceded in death by his wife, two daughters, Mrs. Minnie Lenhart and Lottie, and one son Orvil. He leaves three daughters, Mrs. Elva Cooley of Abilene with whom he made his home; Mrs. Vesta Musser of Upland, Calif.; Miss Martha of Lyons, N. J.; four sons, Hostetter of Talmage, Kansas; Phares of Enid, Okla.; David of Erie, Pa.; and Kermit of Ellsworth, Kansas; sixteen grandchildren and three great-grandchildren; and two brothers, Harry S. Engle and Alvin Engle.

Memorial services were conducted at the Abilene church by Elder G. E. Whisler and Bishop R. L. Witter. Interment was in the Abilene cemetery.

RIFE—John F. Rife, son of Fredrick K. and Mary (Peren) Rife, was born April 26, 1867 at Chambersburg, Pa. and passed to his reward at the Messiah Home, Harrisburg, Pa. on Sept. 18, 1951 aged 84 years, 4 months and 22 days.

Bro. Rife was married to Elizabeth Rotz of Salem, Pa., who preceded him in death some years ago. After the death of Sr. Rife he came to the Messiah Home where he was a guest for 9½ years.

Bro. Rife was converted in young manhood and united with the Brethren in Christ Church. He retained his membership with this Church until his death.

He leaves as survivors, one sister, Elizabeth of Kauffmans Station, Pa. and one brother, Luther Rife of Shippensburg, Pa. Also a

With the Church

In The Homeland

RAPHO AND MANOR-PEQUEA DISTRICTS REPORT ON TENT MEETING

Tent Meeting

On August 18, the Rapho and Manor Pequea districts opened a tent meeting in Columbia, Pennsylvania, and continued for two weeks. This meeting was held in connection with the street meeting which is held each Saturday evening in Columbia.

Brother Allen Brubaker came to minister to us from the Word of God. We were glad for these who responded to the gospel call as Brother Brubaker faithfully ministered to us from the Word of God from night to night.

In connection with the tent meeting, Bible club meetings were held for the children nearly every afternoon. There was considerable visitation done in the interest of the children's meeting.

Brother Emerson Frey who has charge of the weekly Bible Club in Columbia had charge of these services. Chorus flannel-graph and object lessons were also used. Attendance was very good reaching the seventies the last Friday. About one hundred New Testaments were given to those who attended. Many of the children came forward and knelt at an altar of prayer.

The Lord was very good and now we have a beautiful chapel (abandoned by another denomination) in which to hold the weekly Bible Clubs. A prayer meeting and street meeting are also held each week in the interest of the folks of Columbia.

Will you pray for these services each week. And for the folks that received help during these meetings that they may stand true.

Cedar Grove, Mifflintown, Pa.

Sept. 2, Eld. Wilbur Benner brought to us the morning message from Luke 19:13. The Y. P. B. S. in the evening was outstanding. Topic, "My Lord and I", was original. Among the many good things we heard was a personal testimony from one of our brethren as to how he found the Lord.

Sept. 9. Had a number of visitors in our morning service. Bro. and Sr. Vernon Brandt and family from Kans., Mrs. Thomas Myers from Oklahoma, Eld. and Sr. Aaron Stern and family from Clinton, Co. We were glad for the presence of each one, as Sr. Brandt, Mrs. Myers and Sr. Stern were former members of our group at Cedar Grove.

Sept. 12. We had a pleasant surprise in our prayer meeting, when Bishop M. L. Dohner, wife and daughter and Sr. Sulcer from Ohio stopped over with us as they were traveling through. We appreciated their words of testimony and exhortation.

Sept. 16. Harvest praise service and baptism service in the forenoon. One of our S. S. boys (Boyd Lauver) was received into church fellowship. We trust that his young life yielded to God will make an impression on others who are yet outside the ark of safety. In the evening we commemorated the death and suffering of our Lord, as we gathered from the three congregations in the district at this place.

Sept. 19. Weekly prayer meeting was again well attended by our local group and also from other denominations. We are glad that we can fellowship together in the Lord's service. We need your prayers that there might yet be an ingathering of souls before Jesus comes. Ella M. Lauver.

Merrill, Mich.

Monday night, July 2 the mission folks from Detroit gave a very inspiring and interesting program.

July 29. Our Summer Tent Meetings began with Rev. Henry Landis of Des Moines, Iowa as our evangelist. The Holy Spirit was faithful and we truly had refreshing times from the presence of the Lord. Those were heart searching days.

Among those who sought the Lord at an altar of prayer was an old man aged 71 years who had attended our revivals for many years but never made a move toward God until this summer.

The Lord graciously met his need and he and his wife are growing in grace and happy in the Lord.

The Grantham Male Quartette was with us one night during the revival, Aug. 15. Myrtle S. Hill.

Chino, California

Our revival meetings were different this summer in various ways. They were held in a tent that was pitched on the church grounds and continued for three weeks. Our hearts were stirred and faith strengthened as Brother John Rosenberry of Mount Joy, Pennsylvania, brought us messages stressing the privilege and necessity of holiness. We were happy to have one of our couples, parents of three fine boys, kneel together and pray their way back to God. Many sought for holiness and for healing of their bodies. Our community needs a revival of interest in their souls welfare and that of their children. Our prayer is that God may unify us in work and in prayer so we may be used of Him to win these souls. May we have a real burden for them!

Through the generosity of Brother Martin Longnecker, we had the privilege of having a fifteen-minute broadcast from our local radio station with Brother Rosenberry giving the message from God each evening. We were fortunate, too, in having Sister Rosenberry and their sons, John and Carl, with us and appreciated her messages in song.

Each evening we had children's meetings in the church for the first half hour, having the children join their parents in the tent for the message of the evening. Each evening we presented a different phase of the Christian life—prayer, praise, daily testimony, etc., along with learning new songs. We were touched to see a group bow and give their hearts to God. Their complete faith, as we prayed with them, reminded us of Matthew 18:3.

—Erla Stump.

Montgomery District

On Sunday evening August 19, we began our Annual Tent Meeting with Rev. Roy Asper of Mechanicsburg, Pa. as our evangelist. He came filled with the Holy Ghost, and brought to us heart-searching sermons.

He spoke mostly of the need of the Holy Ghost in each one's heart. Without Him we cannot see God, and also cannot live a pure and true Christian life. We believe this meeting can well be called a Holy Ghost revival because of the large number who prayed for the Holy Ghost to come into their hearts. What a blessed time it was to see souls receive the Holy Ghost.

There were also some souls came to the altar to be saved for the first time.

On Sunday Sept. 2, the State Sunday School Board held an all day meeting in the tent. This was well attended and was a blessing to all. Our tent was erected at Eort Loudon, Pa. near the school house and Rev. Asper used his loud speakers to broadcast his messages. They were heard for a distance of one and one-fourth miles. Many people heard the Gospel who were not in the tent. May God work in his own way to help those who heard these messages to see the need in their own heart and accept Him before it is too late, for we believe He is coming soon.

Raymond J. Garling.

Colyer and Green Grove Congregation, Pa.

The Colyer and Green Grove congregations had a special treat Sept. 22 and 23.

We had our fall communion services Sat. night with Bishop Henry Miller in Charge. Bishop Henry Ginder and Bro. Paul Goodling were with us in this service.

Our Pastor had read and spoken on the preparatory Scriptures usually read on Love Feast occasions, viz. Eph. 4 and I Cor. 11 in previous services.

We were thankful for two sisters who were willing to comply with the requirements of I Cor. 11 and take communion with us.

On Sunday we had an all day service. Bro. Aaron Stern taught the S. S. lesson. Bishop Henry Ginder spoke on non-conformity and nonresistance—a very timely message.

The messages given by Bro. Ginder in the afternoon was "Sailing Matrimonial Seas."

The Gospel Chorus from Cross Roads, Lanc. Co. gave us a very inspirational service Sun. night. We thank God for the consecrated services of his faithful ones.

—R. F., Cor.

Messiah Home, Harrisburg, Penna.

July 2. Service at the Dauphin County Jail. Again we were privileged to bring the Gospel to those in prison. Pray for those who raised their hands for prayer.

Elder Harvey Light was with us for our morning service. His theme, "As the days of Heaven upon the earth." When God speaks to us as He did to His saints of old we will have days of heaven upon earth.

Aug. 15. Womens Missionary prayer Circle. Sr. Annie Steckley told how the Missionaries in India are trying to reach the maximum of people in a minimum of time with the Gospel. She also voiced her appreciation for a jeep with a public address system to aid in reaching so many more people.

Sun. evening, Aug. 19. We had a Trio from Fairland, an Octette from Elizabethtown, and our own Ladies' Trio gave us an evening of song.

Wed. evening, Aug. 29—Sr. Emma Rosenberger told us about her work at the Mission in India. She described an average day's work in the dispensary. Had an

(Continued on page twelve)

On The Foreign Field

Christian Workers' Institutes in India

September 20-October 7. Third Session of Bamnankhi Bible Institute. For new believers in the Santal area. Teachers: Allen and Leoda Buckwalter, D. Jonathan Roy, Ishmael D. Singh; Benjamin and Dina Mirandy.

October 12-November 15. Refresher Course for Preachers to be held in Barjora. Teachers: Brothers Engle, Hoke, D. Jonathan Roy and Surendra Rai. Brothers Paulus, Smith and Pye will each have a week of evening services. The evenings of the last two weeks will be given to field work and studies in evangelism, led by Brother Engle.

November 19-December 15. Refresher Course for Bible women, to be held in Saharsa. Teachers: Sisters Buckwalter, Yoder and either Engle or Rohren.

Pray for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit during these institutes.

"Workers Together"

Someone has blended the plaster; and
someone has carried the stone;
Neither the man or the Master has
ever builded alone;
Making a roof from the weather,
building a house for the King;
Only by working together, have men
accomplished a thing.—*Selected.*

My Name is Doubt

I walk the earth with soundless steps.

I steal in unawares. I speak in whispers. I make people afraid.

I paralyze the strong arm of business and blur the clear vision of the seer.

I enter the house of God, and using the preacher's voice, I speak words which dim the lamp of hope.

I cause good friends to eye each other askance, and listen furtively at closed doors.

I creep in as the companion of sorrow and pain, persuading the soul to distrust the safest moorings.

I give to the voice of truth an uncertain sound, and cause those who dwell in the temple of faith to distrust its foundations.

I visit new made graves and make those who have just said good-by to departed loved ones, to feel that a better day will never dawn.

I have two sisters who go about clothed in the garb of nite.

The name of one is Despair; the other's name is Unbelief.

They never smile, I always go before them—they never advance until I beckon.

I am the supreme wrecker of precious things.

My name is Doubt.—*Herald of Life*



Sr. Ruth E. Book

My Testimony

Seven years ago my life was changed in that I relinquished my own plans and my entire self into the hands of God. From that day on my plans have not been my own. God has led me in His own way and as I humbly followed in obedience to His Will, the call to India became very clear to me. There was not and has never been any aversion to this new design and all my efforts have been spent in preparation for going to this great harvest field.

God has not only given me much valuable education and many invaluable experiences along with these several years of formal training, but has been preparing me in a spiritual way to meet the battle on the field. I give Him praise for all things which He has done.

For myself I desire "To know Him and the power of His resurrection and fellowship of His sufferings being made conformable unto His death." "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ for it is the power of God unto salvation" and I surely want to be faithful in sharing this glorious plan with those who have not heard.

Pray for me.

For Christ and the Church in India,
Ruth E. Book

Love in Action

The fruit of the Spirit in terms of love is:

Joy is love exulting.

Peace is love in repose.

Longsuffering is love untiring.

Gentleness is love enduring.

Goodness is love in action.

Faith is love on the battlefield.

Meekness is love under discipline.

Temperance is love in training.

Bhuma

(Continued from page seven)

his baby. He took him to his house, but Bhuma was not a good nurse maid. He dropped the baby accidentally and, fearful of a beating, ran away to beg in the streets again.

After many days of begging and of sleeping in vacant houses, in cow sheds, or on some shop-keeper's verandah, Bhuma was accidentally discovered by his brother-in-law and forcibly taken home. The brother-in-law was filled with shame to think that his wife's little brother should beg, yet he was not willing to feed him or to clothe and care for him. He conceived a good plan, so he thought, to cure Bhuma of this disgraceful begging. Fastening a chain about the boy's wrist, he locked him to a stake driven into the ground. For how many days Bhuma remained tied like this it is not known, but he was beaten and starved. A head wound became infected and the blow flies did their work. Slowly growing weaker but still ravenously hungry, Bhuma worked loose the stake that held him and, finally, in an unguarded moment, slipped away to the town with the chain and padlock fastened to him. Once more he begged for food. He cared little about the ulcer which had spread over one third the area of his head. All he wanted was to fill his stomach with food. A kindly Indian doctor filed off the padlock and chains and gave a bit of food to him, but he could not stoop to touch that low-caste waif's putrefying sore. Among his people there was no one to aid this poor fever-ridden, starving, outcaste lad. He seemed to be altogether friendless.

The boring maggots drove Bhuma almost frantic. None of the Indian doctors would touch him. The dresser at the government dispensary was rough and brutal. He had no sympathetic feeling for anyone who was unable to give him a tip, and Bhuma didn't have the tip to give. He couldn't stand the pain. The odor of his ulcer was so bad that he was shunned by everyone and "no man gave unto him".

In this condition he came to the missionaries' bungalow begging for food—food to satisfy that unsatiated hunger. He had been at the mission before and had been fed. Now again he turned to the Christians as a last resort, for, as he was, he had been taught that the Christians were terrible people. Had he not heard that the missionary devoured children and abducted girls?

By this time he was a veritable Ishmael with every man's hand against him and his hand against every man. He needed treatment for his fever and care for his sores, but he was afraid of the pain, and medicine tasted ugly. Finally after much persuasion he consented to take the medicine and permit the dressing of his ulcer if he could eat as much as he wanted. To win the confidence of this little anti-social waif and outcaste was a big problem, when the missionary knew that the treatments would be painful and that food to fully satisfy that hunger must be withheld for a time. Bhuma couldn't understand. He only knew he was hungry—always hungry.

* * *

After days of patient, pains-taking, and kindly treatment and care during which the thread of that little life almost snapped, the fever broke. The ulcer was nearly healed and Bhuma could eat. He could eat as much as he liked. He could sit and hear the Christians' songs and prayers. Small tasks were assigned to him, and they were cheerfully done. There was nothing to cloud his mind or his peace. He decided that he would always stay with the "sahib".

Then one Sunday morning when he was sitting in the services enjoying the song and trying to understand the message, he saw coming toward the mission compound a man whom he wished never to see again. Like a hunted deer he darted away to hide himself. No sooner had the service been dismissed than the man approached the missionary and inquired,

"Do you have a boy here called Bhuma?"

"How big a boy and what kind of a boy are you looking for?"

"Just about so big", said the man, holding his hand even with his hip.

"Is this boy you are looking for any relative of yours?"

"Yes, he is my wife's brother."

"What makes you think he is here?"

"I heard that he had come here."

"When did you hear such a report?"

"Oh, you heard he was here several weeks ago, but you have only come now. Why is this?"

During this conversation the "sahib" kept wondering where Bhuma was. Surely he could not be far away. Then he saw the boy crouched under a bush a few feet away listening intently to the whole conversation. Motioning with his hand, he called Bhuma to him. The lad trustingly came at once.

"Do you know this man, Bhuma?"

"I won't go along with him."

"Who is this man?"

"He is my sister's husband."

"Why don't you wish to go with him?"

"He beats me and doesn't give me anything to eat. I won't go along with him."

Meanwhile the brother-in-law stood by impatiently and suddenly broke into the conversation.

"I shall take him along with me. He is our relative, our brother."



In the Homeland

(Continued from page ten)

average of 40 patients a day. Most are children neglected by their parents.

Sept. 2, and 3. District Young People's Conference. The Messiah Home Young People's Society was glad to entertain the District Youth Conference this year. Sessions were held Saturday evening and all day Sunday. Our speakers were Elder Arthur Brubaker, Elder Cletus Naylor, Elder Roy H. Wenger, and Bishop Henry Hostetter who showed some pictures of his deputation trip to mission lands. Our theme was "Facing Life Realistically". Our speakers presented Christ and the Church as the answer to all our needs.

Sept. 16. Bro. David Wenger brought us a message on Tithing. God has a right to demand our all or anything He wants. Under the law a Jew was required to give as much as thirty percent of his increase. The greatest need is not money but more spirituality.

Sept. 16 to 23. We observed National S. S. Week. Our mid-week service was in charge of our Superintendent and featured a recitation, special song and an address by Glenn Hensel on "Our Responsibility to Our S. S.". He urged us all, officials, teachers and scholars to work to make our school more interesting.

Sunday morning Sept. 23. Harvest Praise Service. Bro. Glenn Hensel spoke from Psalms 145 and 147. A thankful heart will praise God and that praise will produce power. Followed by a Thanksgiving prayer service.

—Mrs. John S. Hensel.

"You seem much interested in this boy now. Before this you starved him, beat him, and chained him as you would a dog to a stake. You were without mercy when he was sick. Why are you interested now?"

"Your honor, my caste people are going to put me out of the caste if I don't take him away from you. Tell him to go with me. If he will not go, I will have to feed my caste people in order to remain in caste. That will be a big expense."

During this plea, the boy crowded closely to the "sahib's" leg and muttered,

"Don't make me go with him. I won't go with him."

The "sahib" turned to the enraged man,

"Listen, your brother means nothing to you. Bhuma came here without my invitation. If he wishes to go with you, he may. If he wishes to stay with me, he may. If you think I am unjust, you may go to the Magistrate and get a written order to have me give him up."

Very reluctantly the man went away, muttering to himself. Many questions filled the missionary's mind. Would the man go to the Magistrate? Would Bhuma have to go? Would the man's caste people come to steal Bhuma away or to frighten him away? Bhuma, too, was uneasy. He followed the "sahib" everywhere. Now and then raising his wide eyes to him, he would plead.

"You won't let them take me, will you? Please don't make me go back. I'll stay with you. Let me be your boy."

Who could resist such pleading? Who would send away such a needy soul who was just beginning to learn what a bit of love meant? Not the "sahib".

Early the next day, the "sahib" paid a call on the Magistrate asking legal custody of the child. He explained all the circumstances and was happy to hear the verdict: "If that fellow comes along, I'll send him about his business. Take the boy; educate him; do all you can for him. I shall see that you are not molested."

A few days later, Bhuma was being prepared for a journey to the boy's orphanage and school. Bhuma was fearful. He did not know whether he would like school and being with other boys. He had found a bit of kindness and love. He received all he wished to eat. He was not certain of the future away from the one he now called "his sahib". With all these fears in his mind, he again pled,

"Sahib, permit me to stay with you. I will be a good boy. I will do whatever you tell me to do. I do not

know the other sahib and the boys."

All Bhuma had been told did not convince him that the change was the best for him. He wanted always to remain with his newly-found friend. Then one evening when he was sitting in the office, a tall, handsome young man came with a message for the missionary. This was Ishmael, who had been an unwanted child. He also had been neglected and thrown out into the grass jungle as a baby to die. He had been cared for in Bhuma's village for some months, and by Bhuma's people, although not of their caste. Later he was given to the mission and had attended grammar school and high school. Now he could read and write. As Bhuma looked at him and listened to his story, a new hope took possession of him, and he inquired,

"Would I be permitted to go to school and learn to read?"

He said "permitted" for he knew very few of his caste people's children had that opportunity. The missionary answered his question kindly, "Yes, Bhuma, you would."

"Could my people take me away from there?"

"No, Bhuma, not if you wish to stay."

"Sahib, do you wish me to go there? Will I see you sometime?"

"Yes, I desire very much to send you. There is a school and there are many boys with whom you can play and read and live."

Bhuma made his decision. Now he was anxious to start this new life. The next day he was taken away. Heart strings were pulled when this waif, saved from the most abject misery but still with plenty of native spunk, left for his new home.

Bhuma may never be an eloquent evangelist or a brilliant teacher. The effects of child opium feeding have left their marks. However, he is learning to be a true soldier of our Lord Jesus. His missionary's prayer has been and is that he will be a real witness of the Master's love.

"You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of the bodily powers. Why then is my soul more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, but eternal spring is in my heart . . . The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear the immortal symphonies of the world which invites me."

—Victor Hugo.

The preacher is the Golden Pipe through which the divine oil flows.

Filled and Healed

Rosa M. Eyster

REJOICE to tell you of the wonderful way in which the Lord met me January 7, 1951. For sometime I had been feeling a lack in my spiritual life. I couldn't lay my finger on any definite sin in my life, but I felt I was coming short of the glory of God. I didn't have the joy I should have had. Another thing I couldn't get along so well with my fellow workers. It came to a head one Sunday evening in our prayer meeting. Bro. Schmucker said we were acting like carnal people and things would have to be different or he would not recommend us for mission work another year. It seemed everyone was complaining against me, and yet I felt I was doing my best. It hurt when Bro. Schmucker said we were carnal. He didn't say my name, but I felt he meant me. I said I would do my best to co-operate. I felt that unless the Lord definitely undertook for me, that my days in mission work were numbered. Things were different after that and I knew the Lord had answered prayer. I asked the Lord to search my heart and if there was carnality there, I surely wanted it taken away. I said I didn't want to stay in the work if I were a hindrance. There was always that fear in

what it all meant. I had to get up then and get breakfast for the children, etc., but all day I was filled with awe and could scarcely go about. I didn't know if I should tell anyone or not. After our prayer service that evening, I felt I should tell Bro. and Sr. Schmucker, so I did.

Bro. Schmucker said, "Did you want to have prayer?"

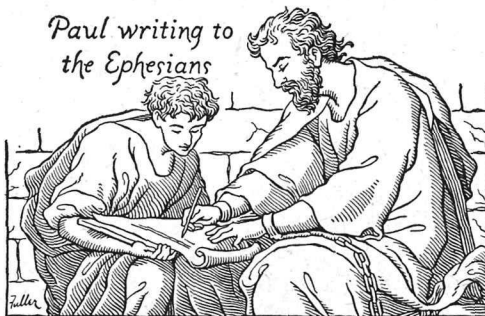
We knelt and prayed and he prayed that I might be "filled with the Holy Ghost." As he prayed it was revealed to me that was the answer to my question of the angel in the morning. As I left the house, the verse from Joel 2:29 was given me. "And upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my spirit."

As I reached my room these words came to me, "Filled and Healed, Filled and Healed." Truly it is an experience the like of which I have never before had. As I thought of it, I felt I had never before been filled with the Holy Ghost. The transaction was so real, I saw myself handed over to the Holy Ghost. I want Philipians 1:20 to be lived out in my life. As I thought over my past life the next few days, I had to admit that I have often been short of the power and glory of God in my life. This is a hard admission to make but in the light of what happened, there can scarcely be any other explanation. I had often been accustomed to pray at the beginning of the day for the "Lord to let a portion of His Spirit rest upon us for that day." I was gently reproved for praying thus, and the verse from John 3:34 was given me. "For God giveth not the Spirit by measure unto him."

Then I thought that perhaps many have realized my weakness and failings. I feel the Lord has truly met me now and I will just begin to live and work for Him effectively. Since that experience I have felt I was scarcely living in this world. The things around me seemed so earthly. So I do praise the Lord for visiting me and giving me His Holy Spirit. I am so happy in him, now. I felt I wanted everyone to know about this wonderful experience. The past I must leave with the Lord. I am not throwing away anything He has done for me. I know he has been with me down through the years, but I feel I haven't known Him in His fullness. Praise His Name!

Now six months later this verse is mine. "The path of the just is as a shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." Prov. 4:18. I cannot explain or tell it forth, but this verse is true in my life today. I have joy unspeakable and full of glory in my soul. Salvation is better felt than told!

Paul writing to the Ephesians



my heart though that I would have the same trouble again.

Something happened on Sunday morning of January 7, 1951. I had a vision of an angel standing beside me with a shovel. It seemed he had dug down until just his head and shoulders were showing. So I said to him, "What are you doing?"

He said, "digging."

I said, "Am I going to die?"

He said, "No, you aren't going to die, but live." (Psa. 118:19)

Then I felt a little afraid and I guess he saw it for he said I needn't be afraid. Then I asked what this all meant. He said he could not tell me now, but would tell me later. Then I awoke fully. I was as conscious of the Presence of the Lord as if He had been in my room in Person. It seemed the whole room was filled with the Power of God. I felt I could scarcely move. I knew God was there but did not know

A Questionnaire on Smoking

C. Aubrey Hearn

1. How many people smoke tobacco today?

It is said that there are sixty million Americans who smoke tobacco. One study revealed that three out of four men and two out of five women above the age of sixteen smoke, and that ninety percent of both prefer the cigarette.

2. How much do Americans spend for tobacco?

In a recent year the American tobacco bill was \$3,880,000,000. This was more than was spent in that year for all education—elementary, high-school, and college.

3. Why do people smoke?

Various reasons are given by smokers. Among them are to break down social barriers, to aid digestion, to give a lift. Most of these reasons are based upon ignorance and cannot be scientifically defended.

4. How can the increasing popularity of the cigarette be explained?

While cigarettes in 1915 accounted for only ten per cent of the total tobacco used in production, in 1946 they accounted for seventy-seven percent. In 1914 there were three billion cigarettes manufactured in the United States. By 1918 this figure had jumped to forty-six billion. It was the first World War that gave gigantic impetus to the smoking of cigarettes. By 1928 cigarette manufacture had jumped to 106 billion, and by 1939 to 172 billion. In the next decade the latter figure more than doubled. In 1948, 388 billion cigarettes were manufactured—over a billion a day. This was an average of nearly eight cigarettes a day for every person in the country.

5. Does smoking shorten the wind?

One of the first noticeable effects of smoking is upon the breathing. It is for this and other reasons that athletic coaches forbid smoking.

6. Does smoking waste time?

Smoking is one of the most common time wasters. Dr. Douglas Southall Freeman, famous biographer and newspaper man, quit smoking because he found that the buying, lighting, smoking, and crushing out of cigarettes wasted eight and one-half hours a week.

7. Does smoking harm the voice?

I sent this question to Dr. Chevalier Jackson, one of the world's most eminent throat specialists. He re-



plied: "Untold thousands of singers have ruined the finest qualities of their voice and have fallen short of the highest attainments in their career by smoking tobacco. Relatively few succeed in spite of indulgence. The enormous increase in cigarette smoking has made laryngotracheitis (cigarette cough) an extremely common disease, deplorably so among women. It has ruined many beautiful voices among choir and concert singers. This effect is local in the larynx and trachea, and is due to empyreumatic oils produced by the destructive distillation of the tobacco leaf in burning."

8. Is tobacco habit forming?

I examined a dozen books on hygiene and health and all said that smoking soon becomes a habit. It is a habit that is hard to break. Relatively few smokers have the will power to quit.

9. Does tobacco cause cancer of the lung?

Dr. Alton Ochsner, professor of surgery at Tulane University School of Medicine, wrote to me: "Cancer of the lung is a common disease, particularly in men. It is increasing more than any other kind. The reason is smoking. This disease is also increasing in women because of smoking. It is my opinion that smoking is the main factor responsible for the increasing incidence of lung cancer."

10. Is it more harmful for women to smoke than for men?

Smoking has the same effect upon women that it has upon men. It has been found, however, that girls and women tend to smoke to greater excess because they have more leisure for smoking.

11. Does smoking shorten life?

Dr. Raymond Pearl published his famous study on "Tobacco Smoking and Longevity" in *Science* in March, 1938. His conclusion was: "The smoking of tobacco is statistically associated with an impairment of life duration, and the amount or degree of this impairment increased as the habitual amount of smoking increased."

12. Has tobacco advertising increased the number of smokers?

Millions of dollars spent to make smoking appear glamorous have undoubtedly played a big part in the increasing popularity of smoking. The general tendency of tobacco advertising is to promote a belief in the harmlessness of smoking. Tobacco advertisements are cleverly designed but shrewdly misleading.

13. Does smoking aid digestion?

Smoking reduces appetite and interferes with digestion. While occasional smoking may have little effect upon the appetite, the tendency of smoking is to make food become tasteless and to lessen the desire for food. Normal appetite induced by hunger is interfered with by tobacco.

14. Does smoking soothe the nerves?

Tobacco is used primarily for its effect upon the nervous system. The effect upon the brain is essentially narcotic, or depressing. Denicotinized tobacco has never been popular. When smoking becomes a habit, as it soon does, the nervous system tends to demand the drug effect which tobacco produces. If this demand is not satisfied, irritability and insomnia may follow. "Smoking nervoussness" manifests itself in some cases in shaky hands, nervous movements, and in indisposition in general.

15. How much does it cost to smoke?

The per capita expenditure for the smokers in 1948 was about \$62. Many a smoker spends \$150 a year for tobacco and accessories.

16. Is smoking the leading causes of fires?

Careless smoking causes about thirty per cent of fires and has been for many years the leading fire cause.

In 1947 the property loss from fires caused by careless smokers was \$51,500,000. Most of the nations' destructive fires are now caused by careless smokers.

—The Mennonite.

An overflow of religious fervor accomplishes very little unless formed into a channel of practical, holy living.

—Mary Sanders.

Lost in a Snowstorm

J. S. Burnett

I was lost in a snowstorm one night high up in the Smoky Mountains of Tennessee. Though I was frozen into unconsciousness, my horse carried me to a house. When consciousness began to dawn again, I heard a fire cracking at my feet, and, looking up, saw a bearded man bending over, swearing because I would not open my mouth to admit the neck of a bottle. In a moment of delirium, I thought I was dead and had gone to the wrong place.

When my senses returned, I recognized the man as a notorious outlaw, with a price on his head, a man who had vowed that physical violence would fall heavily on any preacher who dared to enter his house, and I did not know what to expect.

No man could have been treated more kindly; for my rescuer and his wife did everything possible for me. When bedtime came, he took me in bed with him and held me against his great warm breast all night, never relaxing his vigilance for a moment. In the morning I was little worse for my experience, but the sun shone and the snow was melting, and I was ready to go. Then it was that something said, "You have a chance that no other preacher ever had, and you must try to save Jake Woods."

How should I begin? Jake was sitting before the wide fireplace as I packed my saddlebags. I walked over to him. Taking a bill from my pocket, I said, "Mr. Woods, I regret to offer you so little, when you and your good wife have done so much for me, but this is a little expression of my appreciation for what you have done. I could not repay you even if I were rich."

He looked me over from head to foot with astonishment.

"Put up your money, Doc," he said, "What we done for you was because we wanted to be clever to you. If you had come to my house last night as a preacher, I would have turned you away in the storm and been glad if you were frozen to death this morning. Twenty odd years ago, when the Almighty took my boy, our only child, I swore that no man representing Him should ever come under my roof, and I kept my word till last night; but when your horse brought you, I couldn't turn you away. Now you can go and say that you have stayed all night with Jake Woods."

His last sentence was hissed through clenched teeth. I never saw

a man look so fierce. Certainly I had done all I could and failed, so I picked up my saddlebags from the bedside and started toward the door. But something gripped my conscience with fingers like steel. "You must try it again," the unmistakable order came.

I walked the floor time and again to find a ship of Tarsish, but none was in sight. I was sure that he guessed what I was suffering, but he never turned his head. Finally, I walked over to him again, and with a voice trembling from emotion, I said, "Mr. Woods, I have a little book that I want you to read and talk to a Friend of mine before I go, will you let me?" He turned to his wife, sitting in the corner, and said. "Doc, it's all right; go ahead." I began reading that wonderful 15th chapter of Luke, about that one sheep that strayed, but was found.

There was the story of the Prodigal Son, too. When he came home, in tatters within and without, his father

was so happy that he would gladly have killed everything on the place to make merry because his son had come.

Just then I looked out of the corner of my eye and Jake Woods had turned around and was looking at me with eager interest, as much as to say, "What are you talking about me for?" I was, for he had sneered in the messengers face who came when his father was dying and begged his son to come home.

I dropped to my knees and took hold of God with one hand and tried to reach Jack Woods with the other, but he was too far down. I held on and reached for Woods until I remembered that the sin of lacking hospitality is unpardonable with us. I said, "Oh, God, I came here more dead than alive last night, and this good man and his good wife took me in and nursed me back to life, and now they refuse to accept anything for their kindness. But Jesus Christ has stood at their door, ever since they have had a house, with outstretched hands bleeding, and with thorn-crowned brow, and they have slammed the door in his face. Help Jake Woods to tell Jesus Christ to come in today."

When I got up, Woods was sitting on the floor, looking at the door. I followed his gaze but saw nothing except the open door, with the sunshine and melting snow. After a minute, he said to something apparently in the door, "Come in." Then turning to me, he added, "He came in," as much as to say, "You can't throw it up to me anymore."

When I left the cabin, he followed me to the gate. "Doc," he asked, "have you another of those little books like you read out of a while ago? My pap used to read about that boy, and I guess I've been him. If you'll lend me one and turn down a leaf, I might find someone to read, and I think I would like to hear it again."

I gave him the Book and he turned away, saying that his "old woman" might come to hear me preach when I returned to the flats schoolhouse again.

Several times before I had preached at the Flats, sometimes to a few good souls, but when I arrived this time, the whole campus seemed to be covered with people. The first man who met me and gripped my hand until I thought I would fall off my horse, was Jake Woods. "Doc, I fetched 'em," was his greeting, and he had.

I walked into the schoolhouse. The women were on one side of the aisle.

Watch Your Can't's and Can's

Walter E. Isenhour

If you would have some worthwhile plans

You've got to watch your can't's and can's;

You can't aim low and then rise high;

You can't succeed if you don't try;

You can't go wrong and come out right;

You can't love sin and walk in light;

You can't throw time and means away

And live sublime from day to day.

You can be great if you'll be good

And do God's will as all men should;

You can ascend life's upward road,

Although you bear a heavy load;

You can be honest, truthful, clean,

By turning from the low and mean;

You can uplift the souls of men

By words and deeds, or by your pen.

So watch your can't's and watch your can's,

And watch your walks and watch your stands,

And watch the way you talk and act,

And do not take the false for fact;

And watch indeed the way you take,

And watch the things that mar or make;

For life is great to every man

Who lives to do the best he can.

—The Wesleyan Youth.

On the end of the second bench from the front, there was one who caught my sleeve as I passed. I looked down into her upturned face. It was Nancy Woods, at church for the first time in more than twenty years.

"Doc," she said, "there is something the matter with Jake."

"What like?" I asked.

"I don't know, but he hain't like he used to be since you were there. He's been real good to me. Doc, please call for mourners today; maybe Jake'll go up."

The tears came to my eyes as I walked on to the table and laid my saddlebags down.

Jake Woods had beaten that woman almost to death once because she had given a coin to a preacher. Many times he had driven her off in the storm to perish. Once, in a drunken dilerium, he had thrown her into the fire. Now she has been in heaven for three whole weeks!

I turned, and there the men came, with Jake Woods at their head, walking like he was on air. Just behind him was an old soldier of the Civil War, hopping on a stiff knee. He hadn't been in church since the war closed. Woods sat at the end of the front bench, and the old soldier by his side. I shall never forget how the old man dropped down and adjusted his stiff leg, then crossed his hands with eager resignation, as he looked up in my face, as much as to say, "Well, I'm here."

The house was full of good and bad. The sermon that I had prepared would not fit, so I took for my text, "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

I don't think I ever so preached before or since, but somebody standing by the table did preach that day, with power and conviction.

When I was ready to let down the net, Jake Woods sprang to his feet and went down the aisle, speaking in a voice that drowned mine: "Men and women, come on! Doc's telling you the truth; for I saw that Man when Doc prayed in my house. When I opened my eyes, He was standing in the door with his hands stretched out, and there were holes in them with blood running out. I saw thorns on His head too. And I told Him to come in and He came, and I haven't been the same man since."

They came until it seemed they all would come.

Jake Woods went out to exhort and save the people of his acquaintance, and he reached more of that class in the two years that he lived, than I could have reached in a lifetime.

—Pilgrim Tract Society, Randleman, N. C.

No One Knows, But Jesus

*No one knows how long the journey,
Nor how dreary seems the way;
Knows the little griefs and heart-
aches*

*You have met along the way;
No one knows, but Jesus.*

*No one sees the hidden sorrow;
Knows 'tis by God's grace alone
That you can smile and comfort
others.*

*No one hears the heart's deep
moan;
No one, no one but Jesus.*

*No one saw the tears unbidden,
Coursing down your pallid cheek
When your heart, like His, was
broken—*

*And earth seemed a desert bleak;
No one saw, but Jesus.*

*No one knew the gall, the bitter,
In the cup of nameless woe
Knew just why you quailed beneath
it,*

*Knew just what could hurt you so,
No one knew, but Jesus.*

*No one felt the grief, the anguish,
Of those long, long years of pain;
Knew how much you longed for
service*

*In God's vineyard once again;
No one knew, but Jesus.*

*No one saw the unseen battles,
Nor the victories you won;
No one knew the bitter conflict,
And vain search for human com-
fort—none;
No, not one, but Jesus.*

*Jesus knows, and always will know
All that mortal man must bear;
No one else so understands us,
And He longs to carry all our care.
No one can, but Jesus.*

*Jesus knows, oh words of comfort,
Knows our loneliest, hardest place,
Enters e'en our deepest longing;
Sweetens trials with His grace;
Loves as none, but Jesus.*

—John Three Sixteen.

Prayer and thanksgiving are the two wings of the soul by which it rises upward to God.

Go Make Disciples

You can't spell "Gospel"
Without spelling "Go."
You can't spell "Brothers"
Without spelling "Others."

"What is the use of running if you are not on the right road?"

Kreisler's Violin

THE STORY is told how Fritz Kreisler, the famous violinist, secured his treasured violin, which he calls "Heart Guarnarius."

One day he was in an antique shop and heard someone playing a violin in the room behind the shop. Charmed with the pure liquid, penetrating tone of the violin, he asked if he could buy it. The dealer told him it was not for sale, that it had already been sold to an Englishman who had a passion for collecting old violins.

After handling the violin, Kreisler said, "I must have this; I will give you all I have for it." Then he asked, "What will this collector do with the violin?"

"Oh," said the dealer, "I suppose he will put it into a glass case and keep it for people to look at."

"This is not an antique to look at," said Kreisler. "It is an instrument to bless the world with."

Still determined to get the violin, he went to see the Englishman who had bought it. Week after week he called upon him, to plead with him to sell it to him. One day the Englishman permitted the violinist to take the instrument out of the case and play it.

"I played that violin," said Kreisler, "as one condemned to death would have played to obtain ransom." When he finished playing, the Englishman was so moved, he said, "I have no right to keep it; it belongs to you. Go out into the world and let it be heard." And Kreisler used it as a medium for his wonderful music.

Our lives can be useless or useful—it all depends whether we allow the Lord Jesus Christ to use us. It is only when we become instruments for Him to use that the finest music is heard in our lives, and the blessings brought to other people.—Selected.